

# KILLALOE.

Words and Music by Robert Martin.

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Well I happen'd to get born, at the time they cut the corn,  
Quite contagious to the town of Killaloe;  
Where to tache us they'd a schame, and a French Mosscoo, he came,  
To instruct us in the game of *parlez vous*  
I've one father, that I swear, but he said I had a *pere*,  
And he struck me when I said it wasn't true,  
And the Irish for "a jint," or the French for "half a pint,"  
Faith we larnt it all in the school at Killaloe.

CHORUS.

You may talk of Bony party, you may talk about *Ecarte*,  
Or any other party, and "*Comment vous portez vous!*"  
We larnt to sing it aisy, that song, the *Marsellasy*,  
Boolong, Toolong, the continong, we larnt at Killaloe.

"*Mais oui*," Mosscoo would cry, "well, of course you can," says I,  
Non, no—"I know," says I, with some surprise;  
When a hoy straight up from Clare, heard his mother call'd a *mere*,  
He gave Mosscoo his fist between the eyes.  
Says Mosscoo, with much alarm, "go and call for *Johnny Darm*,"  
"There's no such name," said I, "about the place,"  
"Comment," he made reply, "Come on, yourself," say I,  
And I scatter'd all the features of his face.—Cho.

Oh, hoys, there was the fun, you should see him when 'twas done,  
His eye-halls one by one did disappear;  
And a doctor from the south took some days to find his mouth,  
Which had some how got concealed behind his ear.  
Then he swore an awful oath, he'd have law agin us both,  
And then he'd lave both Limerick and Clare,  
For he found it wouldn't do to tache Frinch in Killaloe,  
Unless he had a face of two to spare.—Cho.

To the magistrate he wint, and a lot of time he spint,  
Says the magistrate, "Begorry, I'm perplexed,  
For a fellow who, you see, spells whiskey, *O, D, V.,*  
You never know what he'll be up to next."  
Thin nothing more was said, Mosscoo went home to bed,  
And mixed no more in Killaloe affairs,  
And the papers of the place said the foreign tacher's face,  
Was closed for alterations and repairs.—Cho.

If disguises you would try, or would prove an alibi,  
Or alter your appearance just for fun;  
You've just one thing to do, go tache French at Killaloe,  
And your mother will not know you for her son.  
Frinch may be very fine, it's no enemy of mine,  
But as I think you'll aaisy suppose,  
Whatever tongue you take, it is mighty hard to spake,  
While your ear keeps changing places with your nose.—Cho.

Now I'm glad to find 'tis true, ye are plased with Killaloe,  
And our conduct to the tacher they did send;  
But I've tould you all that passed, so this verse must be the last,  
That's the reason I have left it to the end.  
We're all Irish tenants there, and we're all prepared to swear,  
That to the Irish language we'll be true.  
But we all, wid one consent, when they ax us for the rent,  
Sne we answer them in Frinch in Killaloe.—Cho.